

Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE
SEWANEE REVIEW

VOL. XV.] JULY, 1907. [No. 3.

JOHN M. DANIEL: THE EDITOR OF *THE EXAMINER*

It is as bootless perhaps to speculate on what "would have been" as it is to lament over what "might have been," and yet the student of history can scarcely refrain sometimes from allowing his imagination to chase the phantom of some possible variation of what actually occurred—of what would have happened if what did happen had not happened. What if Napoleon had won the battle of Waterloo? What if Stonewall Jackson had not been shot down by his own pickets? What if, in this or that great crisis, when the destiny of nations hung in the balance, and the whole current of the world's history was to be determined, the scales had tipped the other way?

Forty years and more ago, a young man standing in a handsomely furnished room beside a table laid with silver and tempting the appetite with costly delicacies, remarked in a most casual and yet confident way, "It will probably be ten years before I am Governor." If we know who that young man was and how he had lifted himself up by the sheer force of his genius from poverty and obscurity to wealth and influence, we are forced to the feeling that if he had lived but a quarter of a century longer he would not only have been Governor of Virginia, but that he would have changed the whole course of her history, and left the indelible impress of his character upon her life and thought.

The suggestion that a man as popularly hated as John M.

Daniel, editor of *The Examiner*, could have been elected to the most honorable office within the gift of the people of his State may be greeted with some incredulity; but the objection is best answered by pointing to what he did accomplish, and the influence he did gain, not merely in spite of the cynical and misanthropical programme that he adopted, but by reason of it.

John M. Daniel never begged a favor of the public; what he desired he demanded. He loved honor and power, not willingly bestowed, but wrung from men. An old slave, when asked if Andrew Jackson ever became a Christian, replied, "I dunno whuther he ever did, but if Mars Andrew ever started in that direction, he got thar." It may be very safely asserted that if Daniel had set his mind to be Governor, he would have been Governor.

It is not, however, in unrealized possibilities that Daniel's title to fame consists. There is in his short life enough of achievement to place him beside Virginia's most honored sons, but such is fame that he is all but forgotten. Posterity has not dealt justly with him if it is truly genius rather than virtue that merits fame. It may be reasonably doubted whether there is among all those "honored sons," and forgotten sons too—for there are alas! too many of these—one who possessed a greater share of real native genius, one of more tremendous moral force than John M. Daniel.

While he lived, men were compelled to bow to his greatness. He was fully capable of maintaining his role. He chose to fight his battles alone; he neither gave nor asked quarter. But when he was dead there was none to defend him; his genius was "interred with his bones," and the gall lingered after. Like Poe—whom he befriended and defended—he was condemned by a moral tribunal when he should have been judged by an æsthetic one. The famous proverb was altered to *De mortuis nil nisi malum,* and all men rose up to call him cursed.

I shall make one other postulate which may not meet with universal acceptance. No one man in all the Southern Confederacy exerted a wider and more powerful influence on popular thought than the editor of *The Examiner*. "As soon as he grasped the helm of *The Examiner* again," says John Esten Cooke, "that

great battle-ship trembled and obeyed him. It had been powerful before, it was now a mighty engine, dragging everything in its wake. Commencing by supporting the Government, it soon became bitterly inimical to President Davis and the whole administration. (See below.) The invective in which it indulged was not so violent as in the past, but it was even more powerful and dangerous. Every department was lashed, in those brief, terse sentences which all will remember—sentences summing up volumes in a paragraph, condensing oceans of gall into a drop of ink. Under these moral stabs, delivered coolly and deliberately, the authors of public abuses shrank, recoiled and sought safety in silence. * * * The whole country read *The Examiner,* from the chief officers of the administration to the humblest soldier in the trenches. It shaped the opinions of thousands. * * * *The Examiner,* in one word, had become the controlling power, almost of the epoch. Its views had become those even of men who bitterly stigmatized its course. You might disapprove of its editorials often, and regret their appearance—as I did—but it was impossible not to be carried onward by the hardy logic of the writer; impossible not to admire the Swift-like pith and vigor of this man, who seemed to have rediscovered the lost well of undefiled English.

"Not to see *The Examiner* in those days was to miss a part of the history of the times. The whole political world felt the presence of a power in journalism. Into all the recesses of the body politic those shafts of ridicule or denunciation penetrated."

Dr. Bagby, in his memoir of Daniel, says that he once asked the editor if the President ever read his animadversions upon him. "They tell me down stairs," replied Daniel, "that the first person here in the morning is Jefferson Davis' body-servant. He comes before daylight and says that his master can't get out of bed or eat his breakfast until his appetite is stimulated by reading every word of *The Examiner.*"

It is impossible to estimate Daniel's direct influence upon public affairs. Cooke says, "It was given to him, invisible behind the scenes, to shape, in no small degree, the destiny of the country, by moulding the opinions and views of the actors who contended in the public arena." But scarcely less was his power felt, in-

directly, through the brilliant school of journalism* which flourished in the capital of the Confederacy and of which he was the autocrat. So thoroughly was it imbued with his sentiments and with his spirit that its product was as the product of one man, and that one man, John M. Daniel. It was a striking testimony to this pervasive influence and the strength of his personality that some of the most thoroughly characteristic editorials—at the time attributed to him—it afterwards transpired he did not write. He seems to have possessed the almost mesmeric power of drawing forth from his associates articles in his own style and expressing his own views. It is true also that he wielded a ruthless editorial pen, and it frequently happened that an editorial furnished by one of his assistants appeared in so transformed a style as not to be recognized by its author.

The celebrated "Parliament of Beasts" produced perhaps a greater sensation than any newspaper article ever published in Virginia. Dr. Bagby says, "The likenesses were so happily and so trenchantly drawn that it was impossible to mistake them, and many hundreds, if not thousands, of copies of the issue containing the article were sold in a few hours. * * * 'Who is the author?' was in everybody's mouth. The question was never satisfactorily answered. * * * I have scarcely a doubt but that he wrote the original." Strangely enough it would appear from Bagby's description of his interview with Daniel on the subject that Daniel attributed it to him. In a later preface to the memoir, Bagby says, "John M. Daniel did not write the 'Parliament of Beasts.' The author is known, but his name is withheld for sufficient reasons." It is now well known that Colonel Lorraine, an engineer of Richmond, Virginia, was the author of this remarkable production. A printer by the name of Goode set the type and identified the writer, declaring that he had seen "that handwriting too often not to know whose it was." The manuscript, unsigned, was dropped into the letter-box through a slot in the door of the editorial office. Daniel read it, and, calling out to his foreman, with the variety of expletives with which he was accustomed to

* E. A. Pollard, A. E. Peticolas, Basil Gildersleeve, Robert Hughes, Bagby, J. R. Thompson, P. H. Aylett, and others.

garnish his conversation, said, "Walker, here's an editorial at last," and in it went, name or no name. While we can hardly censure the caution that led the author to conceal his identity, we must confess to a certain admiration for Daniel, who, if he received the credit, accepted also the indignation, resentment and hatred that the article inspired. Knowing his editorial habits, we suspect, too, that neither the one nor the other was altogether unmerited.

In the opinion of many the unpopularity of Jefferson Davis and of his administration was in no small degree attributable to the hostility of *The Examiner;* and though Daniel and *The Examiner* are gone and forgotten, the unjust stigma which they fixed upon the great Southern statesman—our morally martyred hero—lingers still.[1]

It was Dr. George William Bagby, editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger,* who, according to his own testimony, first suggested the brilliant Kentuckian for the Confederate presidency; but afterwards, he says, he was brought over to the "opinion of many wise men," that "the choice of Jefferson Davis as President

[1]Mr. Moncure Daniel Conway, in his recently published "Autobiography," which some one has not inaptly classified as a "recent work of fiction," gives some information, which, if it is more trustworthy than many of his statements, is certainly very interesting. In Vol. 2, p. 3, foot note, he says: "My cousin, the late P. V. Daniel, Jr., then President of the Richmond and Petersburg, R. R., was in constant communication with Jefferson Davis, and I am informed by his daughter, Mrs. Cautley, that when President Lincoln's proclamation was read by her father, he informed his family that President Davis had sometime before tried to bring the Confederacy to a policy of emancipation. * * * The proposal was successfully opposed by A. H. Stephens and Robert Toombs, who henceforth were hostile to Davis. * * * John M. Daniel, editor of *The Examiner,* while suppressing the proposal, bitterly attacked Davis."

It may be as interesting a fact to the readers as it is curious, that while Daniel was thus opposing the efforts of Davis in Virginia, his cousin-german, now Judge John Conway Moncure, of Louisiana, and his cousin-in-law, M. de Bellet, on a mission from the Confederacy to France and England, and his cousin, M. D. Conway, on a similar mission from the Northern Abolitionists, were making efforts to bring about a peaceful settlement of the issues on a basis of the emancipation of the slaves by the Confederacy.

of the Confederate States was a profound, perhaps a fatal, mistake."

No final history of the Confederacy can ever be written that leaves out of account the influence of the editor of *The Examiner*, and that history can never be understood until we know and understand Daniel more perfectly.

John Moncure Daniel was born October 24, 1825, in Stafford County, Virginia. He came of one of Virginia's most gifted and distinguished families. His father's mother was a daughter of Thomas Stone, Signer, a man whose name, as well as that of his father, William Stone, is prominent in the annals of early Maryland history. Conway says, "His mother (*née* Mitchell), whose marvelous beauty I remember, had some Spanish blood."

Daniel's youth was one of continuous battle against difficulties. An eager, ambitious student, he was compelled by the death of his father to abandon his law studies under Judge Lomax, of Fredericksburg, and to go to Richmond to seek a means of support. He accepted the position of librarian to the Patrick Henry Society at a salary of $100 *per annum,* an income altogether inadequate to suply his meagerest wants. He lived in the most frugal style, sleeping upon a lounge in the library and subsisting upon bread and tea. The almost inevitable result of this privation and hardship upon one so sensitive and highstrung—one who felt that he had been born a "gentleman"—who was physically frail and mentally choleric, was to embitter him against the world, to make him feel that all men were against him. The effect of such circumstances upon a weaker nature would have been to crush it; upon a strong, healthy one, to develop it and bring out what was noble and best; upon an abnormal one, such as Daniel's, to drive it to fury, to destroy faith in humanity and replace faith by hate. Daniel set his face like a flint against the world. He would be rich, he would be powerful, he would be great, he would ride to victory, not amid the cheers and congratulations of friends, but over the envy and chagrin of those who now scorned and crushed him. He set the mark before him and only death prevented its attainment. As he bade adieu to the familiar scenes of his youth, he laid a deep purpose in his heart to return and reëstablish the old homestead and "show them how to live

like a gentleman." This purpose, though never abandoned, was not, like the famous resolution of Warren Hastings, accomplished.

While his position in the library was not pecuniarily remunerative it afforded him the opportunity of supplying the deficiencies of his early education, and he was not slow to avail himself of it. An indefatigable worker, he not only acquired a vast store of knowledge and familiarized himself with the world's best thought, but also contributed articles to the Richmond papers which immediately attracted attention and led to his being offered the editorship of the *Southern Planter*, and soon afterwards a position on the staff of the tri-weekly *Examiner,* then recently established by B. M. De Witt. It was not long before he secured an interest in the paper and became its editor-in-chief. This was in 1847. The prominence and influence of *The Examiner* during Daniel's second term of service as its controlling spirit has been sufficiently emphasized, and it was, during the first, scarcely less important. Conway says, "This journal was known as 'John M. Daniel's Paper.' * * * It was the most famous journal ever published in the Southern States. It represented a new and formidable personality in politics."

"In the summer of 1848 the *Richmond Examiner* was filling the whole State with talk. Its press could hardly supply the demand. At every table, at every street corner, the subject was Daniel's last article," and this account has been abundantly corroborated by those who can remember the stirring times of *The Examiner's* glory. The same writer says, in the *Magazine of American History* (June, 1887), that *The Examiner* "wielded an influence unexampled in Southern journalism. He was but twenty-two years of age when he undertook *The Examiner,* but he was a scholar, had studied law, had devoured a library, and was a man of genius. Thackeray got hold of some of his writings in England and visited him in Richmond."

"He was a vehement partisan, and espoused the Democratic side in politics, but he was also an Emersonian; and his philosophical and candid intellect found difficulty in harmonizing slavery with his radical ideas of liberty and equality. Daniel informed me himself of his misgivings, and I have reason to believe that he might have turned out an anti-slavery heretic had

it not been for the appearance of Carlyle's pamphlet on 'The Nigger Question.' This essay was fairly emblazoned on *The Examiner,* and streamed out like a standard. The negro was justly enslaved, because he was not a man in the sense of the Declaration of Independence. A new anthropology sprang up in support of this view, but few believed it."

This unknown youth, not a quarter of a century old, by tradition and conviction a Democrat of the sternest Jacksonian type, threw himself into the hot-bed of Whiggism and turned the tide of Virginia politics. It was Daniel who won for the Democratic party the ascendancy in Virginia. His brother, Frederick S. Daniel, says that *The Examiner* wielded a powerful influence in behalf of the Democratic candidate in the presidential campaign of 1852. In acknowledgement of these services, Mr. Pierce appointed the editor *Chargé d'affaires* at the Court of Turin. Mr. Frederick Daniel accompanied his brother as secretary, and afterward wrote a brief sketch of his life from which the following interesting extract is made.

"He went to Turin with the special purpose of observing the European world and of traveling over it, and in this point of view his mission was successful, being particularly beneficial to himself, and possessing no significance or importance in the nature of things. Mr. Marcy and Mr. Cass had as little business of a political character to transact with the kingdom of Sardinia as with the man in the moon."

Although his office was little more than a sinecure, and its duties—or rather its lack of them—afflicted Daniel's restive spirit with *ennui,* both Mr. Marcy and Mr. Cass paid high tribute to his ability, the latter declaring his letters during the Crimean and Franco-Austrian wars, the "ablest and most instructive on the politics of Europe" ever received by the State Department.

No incidents of international importance occurred during his administration. On one occasion, having demanded, in accordance with the recognized American policy, immunity from conscription into Victor Emmanuel's army, for an Italian who had been naturalized in the United States, he threatened a rupture of diplomatic relations, but Marcy, although he approved of Daniel's

course, advised greatly to the minister's disgust that the matter be dropped.

Another episode, that may be worth recording, attracted considerable attention at the time. Daniel escorted to a royal ball at Turin, given in honor of the betrothal of Prince Napoleon to the Princess Clotilde, the authoress Marie de Solms, who, although a cousin of Napoleon III, had on account of her obnoxious republican views been exiled from France. Cavour, being especially anxious to keep in the good graces of the Emperor, of course, had not invited her, although she had frequently appeared at court before. Daniel, knowing that Victor Emmanuel did not sympathize with Cavour's attitude, thus defied the Premier, who, without the slightest alteration of his bland manner toward the American Minister, reported the matter to his official at Washington. Daniel, being informed of this course through a friend, made a statement of the case to Lewis Cass in the light of which he was exonorated. Marie de Solms afterwards married Count Rattazzi, who succeeded Cavour in the Premiership, and—remarks the biographer—ever afterwards enjoyed the undisputed privilege of attending all the royal balls she had a mind to.

A much more serious matter was the publication of a private letter written by Daniel to a friend in America. This letter which ridiculed Italian high society, and described—as only Daniel could describe—certain prominent Italian personages, was translated into Italian and published in Turin and caused no end of bitter feeling. Daniel resigned his office, but his resignation was not accepted and the matter was smoothed over.

Upon the failure of Rattazzi's efforts to prevent the cession of Nice to the Piedmontese kingdom, Garibaldi appeared before the American Minister, and besought him to annex Nice to the United States, saying that he would feel highly honored to have the Stars and Stripes unfurled over his native city. Daniel promptly replied that the Monroe Doctrine prevented his taking such action into consideration.

After seven years at the court of Turin, Daniel's diplomatic service came suddenly to an end. The fumes of brewing war reached him across the Atlantic and the war horse, smelling the battle from afar, sprang forward to the fray.

"It has got to come to this at last," he said, "and the sooner the better." Afterwards he is said to have expressed the opinion that the South had blundered[2], and that he was glad he had had no part in "making secession;" nevertheless since six States had taken the step, Virginia should follow. He returned to this country and cast in his lot with his native State.

Upon leaving America, Daniel had sold his interest in *The Examiner,* reserving the right to resume the editorial control when he should return. He now availed himself of this prerogative. He was not however—as his biographer expresses it—a "paper soldier," but saw active service under Generals Floyd and A. P. Hill, being driven back to Richmond only by his feeble health and honorable wounds. He afterwards expressed disappointment at having to leave the army before he had won military renown. "By this time (the winter of 1864)," said he, "I might have been a brigadier—perhaps a major-general."

For four years he wielded his pen as courageously as he had done his sword. Though he loved not men, he loved his State, and he loved the Confederacy. Eagerly he watched over its interests and boldly he assailed its enemies and those whom, though high in its counsels, he considered inimical to its interests. He chafed under what seemed to him criminal mismanagement and imbecile incapacity. He vigorously attacked the administration and his pitiless, stinging satire involved him in several duels, in one of which—that with the Secretary of the Treasury, Elmore—he received a wound which is supposed to have hastened his death.

"I think he fought nine pistol duels," says Conway, "and although no hurt resulted to any antagonist—he had no skill with any weapon—it is my belief that he lost his prospect of domestic happiness by the reputation thus acquired. He was attached to a very lovely lady, Miss Eliza Barber. * * * I knew her well, and have always believed that his suit might have succeeded

[2] Appleton's Cyclhpœdia is evidently wide of the mark in calling Daniel "one of the earliest apostles of secession." Conway says "John Daniel, extreme as he was, opposed Calhoun's demand for a constitutional amendment guaranteeing to the slave States an 'equilibrium' with the free States, a demand which, he said, gives color to the charge of desiring disunion.'"

had not her brother been frightened by the personalities and duels."[3]

Daniel was often hopeful of the success of the Confederacy, even when most bitterly opposing its policies; but in the latter part of 1864, he seems to have given up all hope of ultimate victory, and to have turned his thoughts toward securing the best terms of reconstruction that could be obtained.

But he was not destined to witness, except from afar, the overthrow of the Confederate government. In January, 1865, he was attacked a second time with pneumonia, which developed into consumption. After a long, tedious illness, he succumbed March 29, 1865.[4] The last number of *The Examiner,* printed on the day before the evacuation of Richmond, contained the announcement of his death. "*The Examiner* shared the fate of the Confederacy—it was destroyed in the conflagration of Richmond."

This, in brief, is the life of one whom Dr. Bagby called "one of the most gifted and brilliant men ever born on Southern soil."

He was, above all else, an editor. "He had the power of infusing his spirit into every part of his paper, and giving it thereby an individuality which made it as attractive as it was unique. He had innumerable editorial contributors, but they all caught, insensibly and quietly, his spirit, his very tone; and there was about *The Examiner,* whenever he was at the head of it, a homogeneity which under other managers it never attained. It was easy to tell when he left the paper and when he came back to it. * * * He brought with him as often as he resumed the helm, a magnetic charm which drew to the paper the cleverest things which were written by anybody. Whoever chanced to do a good

[3]In another place he says: "One of the handsomest women I saw in Rome was Madame Rattazzi, whom my cousin, John M. Daniel, loved, but left for a Confederate grave in Virginia." It is probably the affair with Miss Barber to which Bagby refers. He says that Daniel lived on Broad street at the head of Shockoe hill, opposite the African church. He owned the adjoining mansion and held it unoccupied, declaring that it was reserved for the woman whom he should marry and with whom he would never consent to live in the same house.

[4]A very touching account of his last illness is given in Bagby's "John M. Daniel's Latch-Key."

thing with the pen was anxious for it to appear in *The Examiner.* There it would be read by more people and be better appreciated than in any other paper. The credit would be Daniel's, but what of that? The intellectual bantling would be sure not to die still-born."

Daniel was master of a strong, pure Anglo-Saxon style, spontaneous, utterly devoid of artificiality, especially adapted to that species of writing in which he excelled. His logic was unassailable; his satire blighting as an east wind. "Had he been born in Old or New England, he would no doubt, have become eminent as a man of letters. He had a fine imagination, a critical appreciation of music, and a style of writing equal to that of the best French writers—simple, lucid, artistic."[5]

In addition to these qualities he had a deep and accurate, if not very roseate, knowledge of human nature and "his natural faculty of weighing measures and of foreseeing their effects was much above the common. He had in him the elements of a statesman."

Of his moral qualities it is harder to speak. "He worshipped strength," says Dr. Bagby, "and nothing but strength of mind and body. He despised fools and weaklings of all sorts. Goodness—the moral qualities—he threw entirely out of account." Irascible, selfish, intolerant, fractious, and even cruel to his slaves, as he was to his pets—two little dogs which, unlike the former, were much attached to him—seeming almost to derive a sinister pleasure from the infliction of pain, he possessed, nevertheless, many traits that command our admiration. He was far above anything little or mean or dishonorable; many of his actions were truly magnanimous. It is said that he once walked from Richmond to Petersburg to lend his friend Edgar A. Poe some money. Perhaps Conway is not far wrong when he says, "What I could not see until too late was that here was a heart full of love, a mind akin to Emerson,[6] bound fast to the role of fighting politicians with pen and pistol. John Daniel's cynicism was largely the result of his spiritual loneliness."

[5]Conway.

[6]In Mr. Conway's estimation the summation of all excellencies, the highest tribute that could be paid.

As to his religion, he was impatient of all dogma. Christianity was a superstition and preachers and churchmen were hypocrites. He did not, however, as some affirm, deny the existence of God, and was accustomed every New Year's Day to publish a poem to the Deity on the selection of which he bestowed especial care. It is also said, on somewhat doubtful authority, that he "made an effort to found a liberal church at Richmond and actually delivered a sermon to a small company in the long-closed Universalist church there."

In business and social relations he was always punctilious and exacting; scrupulously neat and correct in his dress.

His personal appearance is thus described by Judge Hughes: "He had strongly marked Jewish features, antique and classical. His raven black hair was worn long; his well shapen nose was exceptionally, but pleasantly prominent, his mouth large, with well developed and, a lady would say, bewitchingly expressive lips; his dark brown eyes were brilliant and piercing; his complexion sombre; his visage thin, and his handsome, classical countenance capable of expressing the most winning kindliness or the most repellent scorn. He was of medium height and attenuated figure, weighing never more than 120 pounds." Dr. Bagby states that towards the end of his life he wore a "dense, coarse, jet-black, closely trimmed beard," and that his hair was worn short. "His head was small as Byron's or Brougham's, beautifully shaped." "The poorest physiognomist," he says, "could not have seen Daniel's face, even for a moment, without being attracted—I am tempted to say, fascinated—by it."

Such was the man who stood for a moment on the pinnacle of fame which he coveted, and then fell into a profound oblivion. Scarcely forty years have passed, and the name that was then on every tongue is scarcely known—save to the antiquarian and the blue-stocking—in the city where he wrought. It is a strange and striking commentary on the character of the Southern people, that, in the South, a man cannot be great unless he is good—unless he is pious. The hero of the Southern people is the divinity.

If Daniel was inordinately eager for glory and honor, he never fawned nor flattered to win it; he never crooked his finger to ingratiate himself with any man. Well might the words of the

Regent Morton, over the body of John Knox, have been uttered over the cold form of the dead editor: "Here lies one who never feared the face of man." He was patriotic and he was sincere. Whatever elements of ambition and personal pique there may have been mingled with his motives, they were fundamentally honest. Like the rest of us, he failed to see himself as others saw him, and we, may be, have failed to see him as he was. He failed to get the true perspective of life; his spiritual vision was distorted, as much perhaps by disease of mind and body as of soul, but as perverted as were his moral ideas he did what seemed unto him right, and did it though all the world opposed. Will not that alone, in this day of insincerity, of sham, of moral obliquity, cover a multitude of sins?

If we cannot bestow unqualified admiration upon Daniel's character, if we cannot love him as a man, let us pause to shed a tear over the grave of his genius, over the grave of Virginia's, the South's, perhaps America's greatest editor. Forget Mr. Hyde and remember Dr. Jekyll.

JOHN MONCURE.

Louisville, Kentucky.